

Editorial - - Tradition No Bar To Fourth Term

Time passes swiftly and while it is more than a year in the future the presidential campaign of 1944 is already receiving attention. There is considerable voicing of belief that Mr. Roosevelt should be the president for another term, principally so far by office holders, and the inclusion of a provision that a draft movement should be made if he does not show intention of making his decision in advance. It is the same technique that characterized the campaign three years ago, and it is reasonable to expect that it will be repeated.

Some people talk of the idea of a fourth term, but they have not so far offered any reason more persuasive than was offered and rejected in 1940. That reason was the time-observed ban on a third term, that had been successful several times in defeating the ambitions of some individuals and their enthusiastic supporters. Having been cast aside, it is no longer potent, for a fourth term would be no more breaking of the tradition than was the third. The third term that the President is now filling was given him by a majority of near five millions in the popular vote and an electoral vote of about five to one. Unless they have had a radical change of position, those voters who gave a third term may be counted on to give a fourth if they have the opportunity.

But that is not to say that if he is a candidate, either voluntary or drafted, Mr. Roosevelt would be elected to a fourth term. Many new voters will have come into the picture by November, 1944; many old voters will have passed away; and sometimes there is a mass change of mind that might occur in that election. Everything considered, however, the prevention of a fourth term will not be the tradition of only two terms as President—that has been discarded. It will have to be something else, and it is no longer to be discovered within the coming year.

Capital Comment Texans In Washington To See Congressmen

By GEORGE STIMPSON
Herald Washington Correspondent

Sign in Washington restaurant: "You can criticize the food, but don't badger the help." . . . Wish somebody would invent an index for people who can't spell. . . . Between trains Lieut. James Minor of Taboka, drops in to see Congressman George Mahon; attended Howard Payne college before he entered army in 1941, starred in football at college, brother of Max Minor, Texas U. football star. . . . State Representative Clem Fain, of Livingston, in Washington, commissioned in Marines. . . . Former Secretary of State of Texas William J. Lawson, of Huntville, looks in on way to New York on business.

Judge Alvin Allison and Tom Lamley, of Levelland, call on Congressman George Mahon; Lamley building plant near Chicago to produce aviation gas. . . . Hugh Tull, of Plainville, also visits Capitol Hill, here on business with WPA, sells various implements to army. . . . Six Texans on oil industry's subcommittee for southwestern states district appointed by Petroleum Administration for War to make studies to determine what materials now in use can be reclaimed in emergency from existing facilities and wells of low productivity and made available for new development and to maintain and repair wells with greater productive value; four of six Texas members from Houston, Chase E. Sutton, Pure Oil company, chairman of subcommittee; George A. Hill, Jr., Houston Oil company; J. H. Russell, Gulf Oil corporation, and John R. Sufan, Humble Oil & Refining company, other two, Dr. F. H. Lahee, of Dallas, Sun Oil company, and C. G. Staley, production empire, of Hobbs.

Woman writes Congressman saying good war economy measure would be for flour companies to use less ink and paint on flour sacks so could use cloth more easily for other purposes, spends much time scrubbing off labels and advertising matter. . . . Clark J. Matthews and James H. Beale, of Brooks Packing company at Sweetwater, visit Congressman Sam Russell, interested in priorities connecting with slaughtering and processing beef. . . . Judge Russell introduces two bills, one, legalizing 48 hour work-week and prohibiting over-time pay for any hours under that figure; another, providing heavy penalties for asking or demanding fee as right to work on government project. . . . Bob Figg, of Eldorado, petty officer in navy, on leave from station in Virginia, spends weekend in Washington.

Congressman O. C. Fisher, of San Angelo, says agriculture war-drops-program working to disadvantage of West Texas; can't raise long-staple cotton, peanuts only in limited areas, and soybeans in even more limited areas; must grow short-staple cotton as up against it. . . . W. R. Gober of Jacksonville, chairman seventh district war bond committee, wires Cousin Nat Patton that old seventh district has gone over to . . . breakfast with John Tom and Lucile Heston, of Stephenville; Lucile works in Congressman's office; John in electrician's trade in coast guard at Ft. McHenry in Baltimore.

Admiral James O. Richardson, native of Paris, is executive head of Navy Relief Society, set up by Navy men to help Navy men and families, no charity, run by navy personnel, works with the Navy department; Richardson, after distinguished career with Navy,

Washington—New Deal Finds Difficulties On Tenth Birthday

By JACK STINNETT
WASHINGTON—The tenth anniversary of the New Deal observed the other day, finds that political judgment facing effective opposition for the first time in the amazing decade since President Roosevelt entered the White House.

There have been setbacks before—the Supreme Court fight and such—but they were never more than temporary and a few days or weeks found the New Deal blitzkrieg rolling again.

In the elections last year, the Democrats took the worst drubbing since they came to power. They retained numerical superiority in the House by the slim-of-the-teeth majority of 14 and their majority in the Senate was cut to 18.

Was this a straw in the election wind? The anti-New Deal Democrats apparently figured it so, for the rebellion in Congress is the talk of Washington and of the country.

Almost from the start of the New Congress it was apparent that this was not just a scrap between the White House and the Hill on a single issue. The House in particular and the Senate to a lesser degree has shown a disposition to slap the Administration down on every major piece of legislation in the offing.

The situation has gotten so serious that we have the unique condition arising where leaders of the Republican party have come to the rescue. Listen to Republican Senator Robert A. Taft: "We ought to exercise discrimination and not be against something just because the President is for it."

When Republicans worry openly about the fate of laws and agencies the anti-New Dealers are threatening to shelve or hamstring the situation is more than serious, it's critical.

The tenth anniversary of the New Deal also brings with it the talk of a fourth term. No sooner had this talk begun than anti-New Dealers began to whisper threats of a third party—an anti-Roosevelt party.

Many observers here take this third party threat seriously. They argue that the rebel Democrats are willing even to let the Republicans win and look to 1948 for regaining the ground lost.

If President Roosevelt doesn't choose to run again, the third party talk would disappear. But that it is there now is the important thing.

The anti-New Deal storm won't blow over completely, but it could quiet down. Observers here feel the war time temper of the people won't stand for much bickering and intra-party politics if they threaten the war effort.

But many sideline commentators believe the New Deal will never be the same again.

One pound, or 21 table-spoonsful, of waste cooking fat will produce the glycerine, processed as an explosive, required to fire four 37mm. anti-aircraft shells.

Hollywood Sights and Sounds—Jean Arthur Goes To The Capital Again, In Film

By ROBBIN COONS
HOLLYWOOD—A bunch of the boys were looking over the growing cast for Samuel Goldwyn's "Russia." They counted off Ann Harding and Walter Huston, Walter Brennan and Jane Withers, Eric Von Stroheim and Teresa Wright and so on, and consensus was that here indeed was an aggregation of temperaments.

"Goodbye," concluded one, "isn't making a movie, it's opening up a second front!"

It's getting toward Spring, when the buds unfold and the birds sing—and this year Jean Arthur's hitherto bashful legs will be on view. It's in "The More the Merrier," the George Stevens movie about life in the current Washington bedlam.

Jean's knees, like her private life, have been her own for so long that she is getting glimpses in a rare scene now and again—her fans might have been convinced she hadn't any. The new movie has her sharing a crowded Washington apartment with Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn (by arrangement with the Hays office, naturally) and in these circumstances, what with the plot's turnings, it becomes evident that Jean has knees—and legs too.

Jean Arthur, with this picture, becomes Hollywood's "first lady of Washington." That is, she's spent more screen time there than any other star. James Stewart made love to her, remember, in a Senate ante-room, and Ronald Colman and Cary Grant had romantic business with her in the Supreme Court building. As you'd expect, Jean knows less about Washington through personal experience than most. She was there one afternoon in course of a USO tour of army camps, and it rained out her sightseeing. But Dorothy Lamour is the sarong queen—and she's never seen a jungle, either.

Unlike some of the big noises that sit behind studio desks, the big noises of total war—as used for film purposes—are safely confined and catalogued in sound effects libraries. They used to be preserved in tin cans, but priorities now have them in fire-proofed fiber.

Hal Shaw, sound librarian at Warner's, has added thousands of feet of biffs and bangs to the library there in the aftermath of "Air Force," "Edge of Darkness"

Isolation Island

By JOHN C. FLEMING and LOIS EBY
Chapter 3

The next instant Landa was awake, the actual physical contact breaking her dream. She screamed with surprise and fright. Jim drew back hastily, color flooding his tanned face.

"I'm—sorry," he muttered. She pulled herself into a sitting position, staring at him through the shadows of the room. "Jim Blair—is that you?"

"It's me all right," said Jim. "I was trying to wake you up. There's a submarine floating around someplace."

"A submarine?" Suddenly she listened. "What's the matter with the engines?"

"They turned them off." He patted her shoulder comfortingly. "Probably nothing to worry about. Ten to one it's miles away by this time. The Captain's just playing safe. Get up and dress and join the party. We're playing moonlight bridge."

She was trying hard to control her voice. "All right—Jim. Be right up."

It turned out to be not such a bad party. The tension of the dining room lessened and the nervous titters gradually relaxed into only slightly hysterical laughter. Once, a sudden unfamiliar noise that might have been the whistling progress of a torpedo chilled them. Figures straightened in stiff strained waiting. Jim, feeling Landa trembling beside him on the leather bench, put his arm around her holding her close in comforting protection. But there was no impact.

At ten o'clock that morning the Ross's engines started up again. The boat moved on. No one knew just what had happened—whether the sub had been sent to the bottom by the planes or whether it had been sighted in distant waters, but there was deep comfort in the familiar throb of the boat under way.

Landa said she wasn't sleepy. In her bright green sharkskin slacks and sweater she strolled the deck with Jim. The mist of the night still hung cool over the sea. The sun's heat was only pleasantly warm on the decks. They settled down in two deck chairs.

She looked off beyond the scaling rail of the ship across the sparkling blue of the southern waters. The hooding returned to her eyes. "You've been all over the world, haven't you?" she mused. "You've seen so many places, so many kinds of people, eaten so many strange foods—"

"Smelled so many odd smells." Jim lit their cigarettes. "So what?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. Three years ago I cried when Father sent me to California to school. I had never been farther than the mainland and didn't know why I ever should. But now—when I'm going back to my beloved San Francisco, I have been to water for I'll ever go any place again."

"Oh well, the world's pretty much the same all the way around," Jim drawled.

"Father used to tell me stories of Montana. He grew up there," she said. "After mother died, he met Uncle Mike, Don's father, on a hunting trip in Mexico, and later

bought half his island and we went there to live. I was only five."

"You are a jungle baby, then."

"Oh, I went around some on my vacations. I've seen Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego. . . ."

"But not Chicago or New Orleans or New York or Paris," he finished for her. "Well, you and your Don will have to get in some traveling before you die."

"Maybe we will," she mused smiling, "or maybe we'll just forget the world. That's what Uncle Mike said the Island was for."

Jim lay there watching her lazily. The diamond blinked at him from her third finger. He wondered what this Don was like—if this marriage, evidently one of those family arrangements, would make her happy.

While she slept, the thin touch of sophistication she had cultivated in the last three years seemed to slip from her, leaving a gullest, trusting serenity on her delicate face. A strange feeling grew in Jim Blair, an impelling sense of protection and possession. He got up to walk briskly around the deck. God, he hadn't felt this way for years, not since he carried Amy Jackson's books home from high school, he chided himself with grim humor.

At four o'clock, the Captain knocked on his door. "We arrive at La Diaz in one hour," he beamed. "If you want to pack."

Landa was already on deck, pressed eagerly against the rail, one hand shading her eyes as she watched the dim approaching outline of San Roserio Island. She was the lady again, in a tailored silk suit with a wide straw hat shading her lovely face, but she was nervous and self-conscious.

"Do I look all right?" she appealed to Jim.

Jim opened his mouth to speak his honest mind as usual, but stopped abruptly. He couldn't tell another man's bride she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He said instead, friendly and guarded, "You ought to see, even if he isn't too critical."

She clutched his arm. "I'm so scared. I'm chattering. We're having a Mexican wedding like father and I always planned. It lasts for three days. There's singing and dancing, and I have to stand with my bare feet. And Jim! I've thought of the most wonderful thing for you!"

(Continued On Classified Page)

Life's Darkest Moment



LOOKING MORE MARTIAL THAN GEN. MACARTHUR, BUT WITH THREE DARNY, FEMININE COAT HANGERS THAT WOULDN'T GO INTO THE SUITCASE

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Flaw

2. Prepared ground for seeding

12. Public speaker

14. Member of the chief native race of North Africa

15. Part of the sun

16. Pleasant odors

17. Short for a man's name

18. Indicator of restitution

19. Quarter pint

20. Backstage

21. Pronoun

24. Egyptian god

25. Ancient Irish capital

22. Variety

23. Great letter

24. Employ

25. Disolute fellow

26. Covering of a tree

27. Killed

28. Undeveloped flower

29. Heaven

30. Rise of ground

31. Make

32. Wrath

33. Siamese coats

34. Promised

35. Telling; law

36. Myriad

37. Appealing

38. Type of vessel

39. Laundry

40. Hard, brittle, acid parent

41. Short jacket

42. Geographical solid

43. Small mining set

44. Mountain in California

45. French city

46. Book of the Bible

47. Faint

48. Stand for a-a-bees

49. Steps

50. Irish

51. Mouthful

52. Kettle drums

53. Lady's private room

54. Revolve

55. Invis

56. Male child

57. Discourteous

58. Trouble

59. Coat of certain animals

60. Engraving

61. Word for word

62. Purchase

63. Breathe

64. Dinner course

65. Self-important

66. Two born at same time

67. Lasso tribe

68. Roman poet

69. Mud

70. Kind of love

71. City in Paraguay

72. Number

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B L O N D I E

YOU CAN'T SCARE ME WITH THAT FALSE-FACE, COOKIE! I KNOW IT'S YOU!

BOO!

BOO!

B A R N E Y & S N U F F Y

HEY!! WAKE UP THAR, YE OL' MUSH-RAT!! YE PROMISED TO TAKE ME SIGHT-SEEN AROUND BERMUDY TERD-RECKMEMBER?

YES-YES-GO TAKE YOURSELF A PLUNGE IN THE POOL DOWNSTAIRS- I'LL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY

HELLO, OPERATOR--CONNECT ME WITH THE POOL DOWNSTAIRS-- OH, MY HEAD!! UM--YES--YES IS THIS THE POOL? GENERAL ROSEWATER, U.S.A., SPEAKING-- I JUST SENT A FRIEND OF MINE DOWN THERE-- WILL YOU PLEASE KEEP HIM OCCUPIED FOR A FEW HOURS? OH, THANK YOU!!

I DONE WHISLED TWO-THREE TIMES ANY NOBODY ANSWERS- I RECKON TH' COAST IS CLEAR NOW FER ME TO SALLY OUT

P A T S Y

SEE HERE! YOU PROMISED TO PAY ME WELL FOR COAXING THAT PIG INTO THE WOODS!

IF I DID I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!! STOP FOLLOWING ME OR I'LL CHANGE YOU INTO A TADPOLE!

IN THE MEANTIME-- SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO BAHKY! I'LL TELL PATSY-- SHE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

TRY NOT TO BE SO NERVOUS!!! HOW DO YOU KNOW BAHKY DEEP INTO THE STREY WOODS-- HE PROMISED US HE WOULDN'T!!

A N N I E R O O N E Y

COME ON, BOBBY-- WE GOTTA HURRY OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL

OH, IT WON'T HURT, IF WE ARE A LITTLE BIT LATE

BUT YOU KNOW THE TEACHER WILL MARK US LATE ON OUR REPORT CARDS-- AN' WHEN WE SHOW THEM TO MOTHER AN' DADDY THEY'LL BE ASHAMED 'CAUSE WE'RE SLOW AN' LAZY

CLARA'S JUST FOOLIN' BOBBY-- YOU'RE LITTLES THAN US-- BUT YOU RUN TERRIBLE FAST-- C'MON, LET'S HAVE A RACE AN' EVERYONE KIN SEE WHAT A FAST RUNNER BOBBY IS

I (PUFF) ALMOST WON, (PUFF) DIDN'T I?

I'LL SAY YOU DID-- YOU RAN JUST LIKE A SWELL, LITTLE RACE HORSE

